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ROBERT MACKAY—ROB DONN.

[BY REV. JOHN KENNEDY.]

ROBERT MACKAY, popularly known as Rob Donn, was born in the year 1714 at Alt-na-Caillich in the district called Strathmore in the county of Sutherland. He cannot be said to have inherited his poetic talent; but it may have been developed by his mother, who was remarkable for her knowledge and recital of Ossianic poems and the other ancient minstrelsy of the land.

Rob Donn was a born poet, and might apply to himself Pope's words, that "he lisped in numbers." Several of his infantile stanzas are still preserved, in one of which he reproaches the tailor for having buttoned his short frock behind, and thus prevented him from setting it on. About the age of six or seven years he was taken notice of by Mr. John Mackay of Musal, who brought him into his service and family. Here he remained till the time of his marriage, and had been treated with the greatest kindness and liberality, of which he ever retained the liveliest recollection. His principal avocations were those of grazier and cattle-dealer, and though a humble position needed no mean business talent. Frequent visits to the south of Scotland at market-time enabled the bard to gain knowledge of men and manners.

After his marriage, which proved a happy one, as Janet Mackay appears to have been of a kindred and sympathetic spirit, he first resided at Bad-na-h-achlais. By this time he had

become one of the most expert deer-stalkers in the country ; for as yet this pastime might be said to be free to all. As the family of Reay desired to encourage him, they gave him some land on the eastern shore of Erribol, and engaged him to shoot as many deer as the household might require. This was congenial employment and afforded an opportunity to study and appreciate nature similar to that enjoyed by Duncan Ban.

Shortly after, the preservation of deer forests became common in the Highlands ; but it was hard for the people to look on this in any other light than that of unwarrantable assumption of power, and hence the proverb—"Is ionraic a' mhèirle na féidh"—"Righteous theft is the (killing of) deer." Rob Donn was of a like opinion, and on several occasions narrowly escaped banishment to the Colonies. One characteristic story is told of him. He was summoned to attend court on a charge of this kind. Accompanied by his wife and a neighbour, he set out and forgot not to shoulder his favourite gun. Soon a herd of deer crossed the pathway, and the opportunity having so suddenly presented itself, he fired and shot two dead. This naturally alarmed his wife beyond measure. His reply was, "Go home and send for them ; if I return not you shall have the more need for them"—and then saluting her he added—"Fear not, it shall go hard with me if I am not soon with you again to have my share."

On another occasion when a similar charge was preferred against him, he waited on Mr. Mackay, factor to Lord Reay, who seemed deaf to every promise of good conduct. The bard at last asked, "Will you not accept of your own son Hugh as sufficient security?" The reply being in the negative, Rob Donn, as he took his leave, exclaimed, "Thanks be to Him who refuses not his Son as surety even for the chief of sinners."

Soon after this Lord Reay hired Robert as cattle-keeper on the farm of Baile-na-cille in the parish of Durness, where he remained for the greater part of his after life. Either before or after this he enlisted as a private soldier in the first regiment of Sutherland Highlanders, which was raised in 1759. The bard being so well-known, he was permitted many privileges, and scarcely did any effective duty. In one of his rambles he was met by Major Ross, who abruptly demanded, "To what company

do you belong?" "To every company," was the characteristic reply. He resided a short time at Achmore, near Cape Wrath, and later on the small farm of Mybig. Here his excellent wife died, and a few months afterwards the bard himself on the 5th of August, 1778, in the sixty-fourth year of his age.

He was keenly alive to all that was beautiful and excellent in manners and conduct; and severely animadverted on the opposite defects. His stores of wit and humour are said to have been inexhaustible, and his social qualities were such as to render him a general favourite. His moral and religious character was of a high order, to which testimony is borne by his holding the office of ruling elder in the kirk-session of the parish of Durness.

Like Duncan Ban he was wholly illiterate and derived his inspiration from observation of the great world around him. A born poet, he continued without any extraneous aid to the end.

In another respect he resembled his two great contemporaries—Macdonald and Macintyre—for he was attached to the Stewart cause, even when serving in a Hanoverian Regiment. One explanation of this is that every branch of the Clan Mackay could at that time trace affinity with the Scottish Kings. "The Earl of Lennox, Darnley's father, was great-grandfather to Donald, the first Lord Reay, who was thus second cousin to King James the Sixth."

Unlike the fate of many poets whose last resting place is not even marked by a stone, a fine monumeent with inscriptions in Gaelic, Greek, Latin, and English has been raised by his countrymen to the memory of Robert Mackay, in the burying ground of Durness.

It is somewhat difficult to classify the songs of Rob Donn, as they are found to refer to a great variety of subjects, and cannot conveniently come under a few specified heads. There are few if any poems properly so called. There is no attempt at lengthened or sustained effort. All the effusions seem spontaneous, and the result mainly of the inspiration of the hour. There were few subjects or topics within the sphere of the poet's observation and knowledge, that did not find place in his songs or satires. In regard to the latter he is frequently neither so chaste in thought nor so choice in language as might have been desired.

Without attempting an accurate division, we may take a cursory view of—

- I. The Elegies.
- II. The Love Songs.
- III. The Satirical Pieces.

I. The Elegies—Rob Donn excels in delicate and pathetic touches when dealing with the character of his friends, or of those who by upright and honourable conduct had won his admiration. But this characteristic of his muse is specially emphasised in his Elegies. This is well seen in the “Marbhrann do Mhorair Mac Aoidh,” and strikingly so in the last stanzas.

After indicating how Lord Reay followed in the footsteps of Abraham, and drew his inspiration for doing worthy deeds from the example left by worthy men of past generations, he goes on to show that true manhood is the main possession. Lord Reay might easily have accumulated wealth from his estates and by his pension, but instead of doing so he distributed liberally to the poor “on whose open faces he preferred to behold the image of God to seeing the stamp of the king on gold.” He excelled all his ancestors in kindness to the needy, and it is far easier to wish than to believe that a better man will succeed him; though the poet would fain hope such should be the case, and his gloomy foreboding remain unrealised.

Songs to the dead are apt to be strained and exaggerated to produce effect, and to that extent are not expressive of the genuine feeling of the heart; but there are noble exceptions in every age and language, *e.g.*, Tennyson’s “In Memoriam.” There is a deep vein of melancholy prevailing the productions of the Celtic muse, and these elegies illustrate this throughout.

The ode to the memory of Kenneth Sutherland is a good example of intense feeling and keen sense of loss. Not only men and women—all who ever knew this generous man—but the fields mourn for and miss him. Though they have consigned him with sorrow to the Hall of Oblivion, yet, as his body moulders into dust, his many good deeds come into view and abide. Though his kindred are still in his halls, to the poet all is a wilderness, every fellowship is broken in private and public;

and though the dead cannot be touched by praise or blame, it is some alleviation of grief to recall and relate the valour and virtue that were.

Like Macdonald and Macintyre, Mackay was a strong and patriotic, if mistaken, Jacobite, and in his ode to Prince Charlie this feeling finds expression. The Prince is compared to David in the hope that he may accomplish for Highlanders what David achieved for Israel. To him is due the benignity of the weather and the glory of the forest, field, and sea. He has somewhat in common with Abraham, Samson, and Solomon, would that George's crown were on his head, and the Highest reinstate him in his rightful inheritance!

In the ode to the memory of Mrs. Gray occur the words—

Though death descended with a cruel stroke,
Thy worth he only did enhance the more,
A few years of thee brought greater peace
Than any hundred living could restore.

In the elegy on Rev. J. Munro of Eadarachaolais, and Mr. D. Mackay, teacher, many fine passages occur, and the poet's power of versifying—of making sense and sound flow on harmoniously is seen to great advantage. For example take—

“ Glacaidh tu chloinn
A mach o na bhroinn,
Mu's faic iad ach soills' air éigin ;
Glacaidh tu 'n òigh,
Dol an coinnimh an òig,
Mu'm feudar am pòsadh eigheachd.
Ma's beag, no ma's mòr,
Ma's sean, no ma's óg,
Ma's cleachdamh dhuinn còir no eucoir ;
Ma tha sinn 'n ar beò,
Is anail 'n ar sròn
Cuirear uile sinn fu na feich ud.”

The above is addressed to Death as he snatches away children newly born, maidens on the eve of marriage, old and young, just and unjust—all fall a prey.

The bard pays a touching tribute to the memory of Rev. Murdoch Macdonald, Durness, who seems to have had some appreciation for poetic talent, and to have been capable of

sympathising with this somewhat erratic son of song at a time when the religious and the poetical thought of the time had very little in common. The parson who wrote the words of Tulloch-gorm felt the divergence keenly. While complimenting the minister on being deeply religious and at the same time appreciative of the "makers of verses," he cuttingly satirises, somewhat in the vein of Burns, "the unco guid," whom he compares to owls and birds that cannot bear the shining of the sun.

We can only refer to one other ode to the dead—that to the old bachelor brothers, who though moneyed, lived miserly and miserably. It illustrates the exception to the well known hospitality of the Highlands, and also throws a side-light on the belief, that when the poor are refused and summarily dismissed, their cry is heard and their curse falls upon the hard-hearted who drive them from their doors. Sir Walter Scott embodies this in the poem on the beggar. To him is attributed the making of the Highlands so popular and so much sought after by pleasure and health-seekers; but the beauty and grandeur of vales and woods, of streams and torrents, of bens and glens were long before observed and immortalised by native poets and not least of all by Rob Donn—and also customs and traditions. In this case a remarkable similarity is noted in the series of events that make up the life of these brothers. They were born the same year, they were comrades from youth, they partook of the same food, they were dressed alike, they dwelt together, they died the same week, they were borne on the same shoulders to burial, and they were laid side by side in one grave.

Similar note has been taken of others—not relatives, who were born the same year, baptised the same year, married the same year, and died the same year.

The poet beautifully points the moral of insisting on the duty and privilege of those who are in want; but fears his appeal may fall on deaf ears, as the beggar's voice fell on the ears of the brothers seven days before they died.

II. The Love Lyrics—And along with these may be put the descriptive pieces, as they are frequently suggested by phase of sentiment—personal or patriotic. When he was threatened with banishment from his beloved country on account of his occasional

visits to the forest in quest of deer, he found consolation in describing the beauty and splendour of hills, heather and woods, in giving very freely his opinion of those who interfered with his liberty, and in predicting a time when oppression and tyranny would cease. The closing verse of the "Song of Donald of the Ears" reminds one of the "Exegi monumentum aere perennius" of Horace; for both poets foresee the permanence of their work—

"Nuair theid an t-oran cluasach so
 A suas air feadh na tìr,
 Bidh e aig na buachaillean
 A' cuairteachadh 'n cuid nì;
 Bidh e 'm beul nam buanaichean,
 A' gearradh suas gach raoin;
 Cha 'n eil guth nach bi fuaimneach dha,
 'S cha chluinn e cluas nach claon."

The "Lover's Song" is full of tender pathos and treats the past as the golden age of love, when women were more constant and not so fastidious. Wealth is more looked after than worth in the age the bard criticises. The oft repeated refrain of disappointed parents is heard—"Better she were laid in the grave than married to such a man." Who then may expect to succeed? Of course the man with broad acres and numerous herds, however inferior he may be in every other respect. And yet after all truth to tell, there are a few fair, constant and modest maidens whom nothing can corrupt.

The "Song to a Sweetheart" opens with a verse which reminds one of Leander crossing the Hellespont to meet his Hero. "I see thee sit on the further shore, pretty maiden, clothed in yellow, and though the stream were in foaming flood, I should soon be by thy side." Then the lover proceeds to prove to his own satisfaction, doubtless, that the company of his loved one can sustain him in being, quite apart from more mundane fare.

The "Cattle-dealer's Song" contains some fine imagery—He addresses his absent love—stating that his thoughts wing northward on the wind; then he recounts and revisits in imagination their various trysting places among the hills, and addresses other young men not to disturb the love of his troth-plighted maiden. A very comic piece is that addressed to a young man who forsook

his love because her parents refused to give, by way of dowry, a certain stirk on which the poor lover fixed his eye. The beauty and worth of the maiden are dwelt upon to show the baseness of the churl that preferred "the dusky stirk."

The Old Maid song is full of humour — She who rejected nine and would not look but at a learned man now moralizes on the utter improbability of getting any. She has lost a third of all her charms, a third of her age is gone, a third part of her beauty has disappeared, and two-thirds if not more of her pride. Let other fair maids beware, for soon they will not be worth a groat.

"The Dream" is a very fine and finished piece of composition. Providence is represented as on a high hill-top receiving complaints from the sons of men—and specially from two hen-pecked husbands. There is a curious and striking similarity between this conception and the graphic picture of discontent with one's lot and position drawn by Addison; and the conclusion or moral is the same. A different arrangement or re-adjustment of conditions would only make matters worse—so that the right frame of mind is to learn in whatsoever state one is, therewith to be content. The sorrows of the unequally yoked husbands are vividly portrayed. Their wives cross their purposes at every point, and compel them to pass truly miserable lives. Providence reasons with the complainers and proves the folly of fretting, when the hardship might be alleviated by adhering more rigidly to duty, the more the crook in the lot afflicts. A wife more learned and lively than the rest replies and endeavours to vindicate the sex and lay blame on the lords of creation. The concluding observation is—"Complaints were numerous, but thankfulness was very rare."—

III. The Satirical Pieces. No illustration of Rob Donn's vein as Satirist can easily surpass his satire on the Clergy. They are described as excelling in everything, save the one they are sworn to advance—merchant or mariner, dealer or factor, merry farmer, or miserly steward. Though it is not right to follow a bad example, yet who would with zest partake of the food the cook would disdain to taste? How unlike the Saviour who, to prove his sincerity, washed the feet of his servants! They deck themselves with grand feathers but cleave close to the earth; they can-

not be compared to a bird or a mouse, but to the hybrid bat. Many-coloured lies are fitly compared with the fleeting aurora borealis race.

The depreciative elegy on Robert Gray, of Rogart, is very felicitous and reminds one very forcibly of Burns' "Death and Dr Hornbrook." Satan is sad, as the dead man was so bad, he knows none fit to occupy his place. In Sutherland and Caithness, the people feel they cannot be too thankful to Death for being the first to outwit a man who had full five hundred times outwitted others. Death has stolen a march on the prince of rogues; and the old judge of evil has selected him because, on account of his long experience in dark and deadly deeds, he had the best right to this bad eminence.

A retort was composed by John, the Clever, at the instigation of the Laird of Creich, and this afforded Rob Donn the desired opportunity for attacking the rival poet with all the violence and virulence of which he was capable. He begins by pouring contempt on his person — nor is the soul within but a fit tenant of such a wretched tabernacle. No one would believe the Laird of Creich but this fawning fool, and none would praise the fool but the laird. All will agree that the fame of the bard will be heightened by the fact that he has been traduced by a man so lost and low as to flatter the Laird of Creich; a man—nay, not worthy the name, but fit to be priest for a man void of faith, to be clerk to a deceiver, to be steward to a merciless family, to be instructor to children that do not exist.

When John, the Clever, was a schoolmaster and a precentor, Rob Donn happened to appear unexpectedly in church one day, and his presence utterly upset the precentor. Then followed a satirical song, in which the poet gives full scope to his pique and animus against John, whose Christianity is said to consist in love of silver and bread, and whose Sabbath-singing was a noise that old and young abhorred.

Rob Donn is particularly happy in his short and extempore effusions. When asked by a gentleman who had the reputation of tyrannising over the poor, to make a stanza to a new dress he had just put on, Rob replied: "It fits thee well behind, and better round the chest; I should like it broad and heavy, if it would

make no loss or harm ; but there is not a button or a hole in it, for which the poor man has not paid."

One of the best known, most popular and keenly satiric essays of Rob, is "Briogais Mhic Ruaidh," composed on the way to a marriage, at which, on second thoughts, it was deemed prudent to have the presence of the bard. The incident that suggested this comic song occurred before Rob Donn arrived :—it was the inadvertent mislaying of the "son of little Rory's breeches,"—a theme that gave scope to the poet's humour. On arrival, and whenever he got seated, he started singing this song, to the great amusement of all the guests.

Perhaps this notice of Rob Donn cannot be better concluded, than by mentioning what he possesses in common with the two poets previously discussed—admirable descriptive power, which appears to best advantage in the poem on "Winter." He touches and adorns mountain, stream, and plain, with their various dwellers, and throws the gleam and glamour of his genius over the most untoward circumstances :—

" Mhios chaiseannch, ghreannach
Chianail, chainneanach, gheartt',
'Si gu clachanach, currach,
Chruaidhteach, sgealpanach, phuinneach,
Shneachdach, chaochlaideach, fhrasach,
Reotach, rasgach, gu sar;
'S e na chaoirneinan craidhneach
Fad na h-oidhche air lar.

An t-samhuinn bhararach fhiadhaich,
Dhubharach, chiar-dhubh, gun bhlathas.
Ghuineach. ana-bhliochdach, fhuachdaidh,
Shruthach, steallanach, fhuaimneach,
Thuilteach, an-shocrach, uisgeach.
Gun dad measaich ach cal,
Bithidh gach deat is gach misetach,
Glacadh aogais a' bhais."

A LEGEND OF MULL.*

The sun rose fair on distant Mull,
Where ocean heaves its billows high,
And o'er Lochbuy the white sea gull
Winged its way 'tween wave and sky ;
The wild pipes uttered their pibroch shrill
And clansmen came from hut and heather,
With belted kilt and waving feather
To chase the deer on the misty hill.

Maclean was there with his haughty bride
And his only boy in his nurse's arms,
And the chieftain looked with love and pride
On his infant hope and his lady's charms.
" And now," he cried, " thou'lt see what cheer
Maclean's dark hills can yield thee here.
We'll touch not now the timorous hare
That croucheth low in the shady glen,
Nor whistling plover nor bonny moor hen,
But stir the fawn from its dewy lair
And drive in herds the antlered deer."

And straight his clansmen round him were spread,
Or fleet like winds of winter sped
The ground to beat both far and near,
And drive together the startled deer,
Where the chieftain's lady with ease might trace
The gathering herds and head-long chase.

Young Ian, the pride of his native glen,
The love of maids and boast of men,
Was placed alone to guard with care
A pass that op'd a refuge where
The deer might scape the waiting fare.

They came and swept the youth away,
As a tempest scatters the foaming spray ;

* This poem, and the one following, "The Harper o' Mull," with three others, were sent us by Mr J. P. Maclean, Urbana, Champaign County, Illinois, U.S.A., accompanied by the following note :— "I enclose four poems, I find at the end of the Pennycross History (MS.) of the Macleans. I have never seen them in print. "The Harper o' Mull" has poetic merit. No. 4, "A Legend of Mull" seems to be a favourite, theme for poets. Charles Mackay has a poem on same subject, entitled "MacLaine's Child." Thomas Nimmo entitles his, "Wild Revenge." The Marquis of Lorn simply entitles his, "Lochbuie." Of all the four, the one I send you is decidedly the best. The Pennycross MS. was written by Alexander, 3rd Maclean of Pennycross."

["The Harper o' Mull," here mentioned, is by Tannahill, not by Mr Maclean. —ED. C. M.]

An angry man Maclean was then
As he saw the fleet herd pass the glen,
And the youth came on with head hung low,
With shame but not with fear I trow.
"Go, seize the dog," the chieftain said,
"And tear the plume from his dastard head ;
Strip his coward shoulders bare,
Why should the tartan flutter there ?
Go quickly, bind and scourge the wretch,
We'll see what blood the rod can fetch ;
Or whether his mother's milk in part
Still lingers about his childish heart,"
No words they spoke, but stifled sighs
Might tell what dimm'd the clansman's eyes,
And why a shudder went round and round
As fell the lash on the deepening wound.

No shriek nor groan nor stifled sigh
Was heard to come from Ian's breast,
Nor tear was seen in his fiery eye,
But pale his cheek with the chill of death.
His eye balls strained and his lips compressed,
And his nostrils bled with his labouring breath.
At length the scourge away is cast,
The thongs are cut that bound him fast,
And Ian started bleeding there
And wildly seized the chieftain's heir,
And fast away to a cliff he sped,
That far o'er the boiling billows hung ;
And he waved the infant high overhead,
And laughed till the rocks around him rung.

Oh wildly looked the chieftain then
As shriek and shout filled all the glen ;
And with clasped hands and bended knee,
He cried, "Oh save my only child."
While Ian danced and shrieking wild
Answered thus with fiendish glee,
"Come strip thy back and let me see
The wolfish blood that flows in thee,
And then thy gory arms may hold
This infant chief that crows so bold."
The chieftain stripped and the red drops fell,
For the clansmen urged the strokes full well ;
"And now," he cried, "my infant give,
And thou, I swear in peace shalt live,"
"Aha," he shrieked, "go get thee now
And see in every clouded brow,

A blushing friend or a biting foe,
Or follow thy boy to hide thy name,
And wash thy back and brow from shame
In the boiling waves where now we go."

They rushed to the brink of the rocky steep,
But the sea had covered its bosom deep,
And they heard but the sound of the billows sweep
As they seemed to lull their charge asleep.
And the sailors still as they pass the shore
With shuddering look on cliff and sea,
And tell how oft when the wild winds roar,
And their boats on the foaming billows flee,
An infant's wail they seem to hear ;
Or loud and shrill on the startled sea
The clansman's shriek and fiendish glee.

THE HARPER O' MULL.

[The last Harper in West Argyllshire was the Harper of Coll.]

When Rosie was faithfu' how happy was I,
Still gladsome as simmer the time glided by.
I played my harp cheery, while fondly I sang
O' the charms o' my Rosie the winter nights lang ;
But now I'm as waefu' as waefu' can be,
Come simmer, come winter, it's a' ane tae me ;
For the dark gloom o' falsehood sae clouds my sad soul,
That cheerless for aye is the Harper o' Mull.

I wander the glens and the wild woods alone,
In their deepest recesses I make my sad moan :
My harp's mournfu' melody joins in the strain,
While sadly I sing o' the days that are gane.
Tho' Rosie is faithless she's no' the less fair,
And the thocht o' her beauty but feeds my despair.
Wi' painfu' remembrance my bosom is full,
An' weary o' life is the Harper o' Mull.

As slumbering I lay, by the dark mountain-stream,
My lovely young Rosie appeared in my dream ;
I thocht her still kind, and I ne'er was sae blest
As in fancy I clasped the dear nymph to my breast.
Thou fause fleetin' vision, too soon thou wert o'er ;
Thou wak'd'st me tae tortures, unequalled before.
But death's silent slumbers my grief soon shall lull,
An' the green grass wave o'er the Harper o' Mull.

CAT BLAR GLAS.

[FROM MR. CATHEL KERR.]

BHA ann roimhe so tri nigheanan rìgh. Dh' fhalbh iad mach air fortan. Bha iad dol agus thainig an oidhche orra. Cha b'aithne dhoibh tigh no slighe. Mu dheireadh chunnaic iad solus agus rinn iad air. Chaidh iad stigh ach cha robh aon rompa ach teine mor ann an sin. Cha b' fhad d'ur thainig Fomhair stigh. Dh'iarr iad cairtealan oidhche. Thubhairt am Fomhair gu'm faigheadh na'n deigheadh an te bu shine dh'fhuin, agus an dithis b' oige bhleogh-ann nan caorach 's nan gobhar. Ghabh iad an soithichean 's dh' fhalbh iad a mach. Bhleoghainn iad na caoraich 's na gobh-air, ach d' ur thainig iad air an ais bha 'n dorus duinte, 's chan fhaigheadh iad stigh no freagairt. Shuidh iad fada aig an dorus caoineadh, ach chan fhaigheadh fosgladh. Dh' fhag iad an soithich-ean leis a bhainne aig an dorus 's dh' fhalbh iad. Bha iad dol fad na h-oidhche sin agus an la. Cha b' fhada d' ur thainig an oidhche orra, 's cha b' aithne dhoibh tigh no slighe. Chunnaic iad solus 's rinn iad air. Chaidh iad stigh ach cha robh aon rompa ach teine mor an sin. Cha b' fhada d'ur thainig Fomhair stigh agus dh' iarr iad cairtealan oidhche air. Thubhairt e gu 'm faigheadh na'n deigheadh an te bu shine dh' fhuin, agus an te b'oige bhleogh-ainn nan caorach 's nan gobhar. Dh' aontaich an te bu shine, ach thubhairt an te b'oige: "Cha dealaich sinn o cheile. Nach 'eil cuimhne agad ciod e thachair dhuinn an raoir?" "An e mise dheanadh leithid sin ortsa?" arsa an te bu shine, agus mar sin bhuaidhaich i oirre falbh mach. Bhleoghainn i na caoraich 's na gobhair, ach d' ur thainig i air h-ais bha 'n dorus duinte, 's cha 'n fhaigheadh i stigh no freagairt. Shuidh i fada caoineadh aig an dorus ach cha 'n fhaigheadh fosgladh. Dh'fhag i na soithichean bainne aig an dorus 's dh' fhalbh i. Bha i dol fad na h-oidhche sin 's an la. Cha b' fhada d'ur thainig an oidhche oirre. Cha b' aithne dhi tigh no slighe. Chunnaic i solus agus rinn i air. Is e bh' ann sin pailios ard ainmeil. Chaidh i stigh ach cha robh aon stigh ach teine mor air an sin, agus cat blar glas na shuidh le eallach iuchraichean mu amhaich. "Na'm bu mhi nighean an rìgh dheanainn suidh," arsa Cat Blar Glas. Rinn nighean an rìgh

so. Thug Cat Blar Glas i gu seomar mor aluinn far an robh bord air sgaoileadh leis na h-uile ni bha maith 's maiseach 's na h-uile seorsa bidh. "Na'm bu mhi nighean an righ ghabhainn biadh," ars' Cat Blar Glas. Rinn nighean an righ so. Chaidh e sin leth gu seomar coidil, agus thubhairt e, "Na'm bu mhi nighean an righ dh' fhalbhainn laighe, s' dheanainn codal." Rinn nighean an righ so. Dhuig i 's a mhaduinn, ach cha robh aon stigh ach teine mor an sin, 's bord air a sgaoileadh leis na h-uile seorsa bidh. Dh' ith i biadh 's dh' fhalbh i. Bha i dol 's dol agus choinnich i tiodhlacadh. Ars' fear rithe, "Cul-mharcachd do nighean an righ." "Na'm bu tu Cat Blar Glas dheanainn sin," ars' ise. Dh' fhalbh esan 's thainig fear eile agus ars' esan, "Cul-mharcachd do nighean an righ." "Na'm bu tu Cat Blar Glas dheanainn sin," ars' ise. Mu dheireadh thubhairt an tritheamh fear rithe, "Ma ta 's mi." Ghabh i cul-mharcachd uaith-san, agus thug e leis i air ais gus a' phailios. Dh' innis e dhi gur h-ann aig tiodhlacadh na caillich aig an robh e fo dhruidheachd na chat bha e, 's nach bitheadh e chaoidh tuilleadh mar sin, ach mar dhuine eile. B' esan an dara h-aon b' airde anns an rioghachd agus bha nighean an righ aige-san o sin a mach.

Sin agad fortanan triuir nigheanan an righ.

THE GREY SPECKLED CAT.

[TRANSLATION OF FOREGOING.]

A certain king had three daughters, who as they were ill-treated made up their minds to go and try their fortune; so off they went, and they were going without seeing a house at which to rest for the night. At last they saw a house with light in it, and made for it, and having come to it, they entered and found a big fire there. The house was a giant's. He came in and they asked quarters, which was granted on condition that the eldest should go and prepare supper, and he told the others to go and milk the sheep and goats; so they went out to the sheep and goats and milked them, but when they returned with the milk, the doors were locked, so they could not get entrance or answer. They sat long at the door weeping but could not get in. Then they had to leave their sister behind, thinking that to be her fortune. They left the milk

vessels and were travelling all that night and the next day. The night came upon them and they could not recognise house or way. They saw a light and made for it. They entered but found no one there, but there was a great fire before them. It was not long till a giant entered; they asked quarters, and this was granted on condition that the elder girl should go and prepare supper, while the younger should go and milk the sheep and goats. The older girl assented, but the younger said—"We will not part from one another. Do you not remember what happened us last night?" "Is it I that would do such a thing on you?" said the elder, and so she persuaded her to go out. She milked the sheep and goats, but when she came back, the door was shut and she could not get entrance or answer. She sat a long time weeping at the door, but she could not get it opened.

She left the milk vessels at the door and went away. She was travelling all the night and next day. Not long was she till night overtook her. She knew not house or way. She saw a light and made for the light. What was there was a high and noble palace. She went in, but there was no one in, only there was a great fire there, and a grey speckled cat sitting by it with a bunch of keys round his neck. "Were I the King's daughter I would sit," said Grey Speckled Cat. The King's daughter did so. Grey Speckled Cat brought her to a chamber, large and beauteous where a table was spread, covered with everything that was good and beautiful, and every kind of food. "Were I the King's daughter, I would take food," said Grey Speckled Cat. The King's daughter did so. He then brought her to a sleeping chamber and said, "Were I the King's daughter, I would go to bed and sleep." The King's daughter did so. She woke in the morning but there was no one in, save that there was a big fire there and a table spread, covered with all kinds of food. She ate food and then went away. She was going, and she met a funeral. Said a horseman to her, "Come, ride at my back, King's daughter." "If you were (a) Grey Speckled Cat I would do so," said she. He passed and another came and said, "Come, ride at my back, King's daughter." "Were you (a) Grey Speckled Cat I would do so," said she. At last the third man that offered said, "Well, yes I am." She accepted his offer of riding behind him, and he

brought her back to the palace. He told her that the funeral was that of the carlin that bespelled him, and henceforward he would be as other men. He was the next highest in the kingdom, and he had the King's daughter from that time forth.

These are the fortunes of the three King's daughters.

THE MACLEODS OF RAASAY.

(BY ALEXANDER MACKENZIE.)

(*Continued.*)

IX. JOHN MACLEOD of Raasay, who acquired his greatest distinction for his entertainment of Dr Johnson, during his tour through the Western Isles in 1773. It will be remembered that his father, Malcolm joined Prince Charles in 1745 with a hundred of his followers (all of whom except fourteen returned to Raasay), leaving John at home, after having conveyed the estates to him, so that whatever might be the result of the Rising the property might remain in possession of the family. John was, however, a thorough Jacobite at heart, and he afterwards took an active part in securing the escape of the Prince, whom he entertained in Raasay after his father, Malcolm, had left the Island and gone to Knoydart, then belonging to Alexander Macdonald of Glengarry, whose brother, Angus of Scotus, Malcolm's mother, Catherine of Bernera, married as her second husband. Prince Charles, after leaving Kingsburgh, accompanied by Captain Roy Macdonald, met "Rona,"—young Macleods designation during his father's life time, at Portree. John at once volunteered to conduct the Prince to Raasay, where he would have him concealed, while he sent a messenger to his father, whom, he said, he was quite sure would be glad to run any risk, and would welcome any opportunity to serve His Royal Highness in his distress. Murdoch Macleod, who was at the time residing with his sister at Totterome, was communicated with. He entered with alacrity into his brother's proposals to get the Prince across to Raasay, declaring that he would once more risk his life to serve him. A small boat was soon got ready, and rowed by the

two brothers across to the Island, where they found their cousin, Malcolm, who had been out with them in the recent Rising. Malcolm strongly urged upon young Raasay to keep clear of the Prince, as he had done hitherto, and that he and Murdoch, both of whom had already publicly drawn the sword in the Jacobite cause, should take charge of the Royal fugitive and secure his escape. John, however, insisted upon rendering all the assistance in his power, should it, he said, even cost him his head.

The party then crossed, and landing about half a mile from Portree, Malcolm and another went in search of the Prince, and soon found him. Captain Roy Macdonald, who was along with him, introduced Malcolm as one who had served and held the rank of Captain in the Jacobite army. Proceeding to the boat, John and his brother Murdoch were introduced, whereupon His Royal Highness would not permit the usual ceremonies of respect, but saluted them as his equals. They soon crossed the channel between Skye and Raasay, and landed at a place called Glam, opposite the village of Portree. They led the Prince to a shepherd's hut, where he was regaled on roast kid, butter, cream, and oat cake, after which he slept soundly on a bed of heather specially prepared for him in old Highland fashion—the stalks being placed upright with the bloom uppermost.

The party remained here for two days and a half, during which time two men were always kept on the watch, while John, Murdoch, and Malcolm made matters as pleasant for the Royal fugitive as it was possible for them in the circumstances to do. The party again crossed, on the third day, to Skye, where young Raasay and his brother parted with him. Murdoch, who was still suffering from a wound by a musket ball, which had passed under the skin from one shoulder to the other, at Culloden, did not proceed any farther with the Prince, but his cousin, Malcolm, accompanied His Royal Highness to Strath, Charles being disguised on the route as Macleod's servant. From Strath, where he parted with Captain Malcolm, the Prince crossed to Knoydart, and there we, for the present, part with him, his after history being too well known to need recapitulation here. A few days after parting company with His Royal Highness, Malcolm was apprehended in Raasay, taken to Portree and con-

veyed to Applecross, where he was placed on board the "Furnace" sloop of war. He was ultimately, on the 1st of November, 1746, conveyed to London, where he was detained, along with Donald Macleod of Gualtrigill, in the custody of William Dick, a messenger, until July, 1747. He was ultimately able to show that he had surrendered, with his men, in terms of the Duke of Cumberland's proclamation after the battle of Culloden, and he was then permitted to return home, in the same post-chaise as Flora Macdonald and Neil MacEachainn.

On the death of his father, John Macleod succeeded to the estates and became head of his house. In 1773, during the famous tour to the Hebrides, Raasay was visited by Dr. Johnson and his friend Boswell. Leaving Mackinnon's house at Corrichatachan, they were met by the Rev. Donald Macqueen, minister of Snizort, and our old friend Captain Malcolm Macleod with "MacGillechallum's carriage"—a good, strong Norwegian-built open boat, manned by four stout rowers, who soon landed them in Raasay. Boswell describes Malcolm as, "now sixty-two years of age, hale and well proportioned,—with a manly countenance, tanned by the weather, yet having a ruddiness in his cheeks, over a great part of which his beard extended. His eye was quick and lively, yet his look was not fierce, but he appeared at once firm and good humoured. He wore a pair of brogues; tartan hose which came up nearly to his knees and left them bare; a purple camblet kilt; a black waistcoat; a short green cloth coat bound with gold cord; a yellowish bushy wig; a large blue bonnet with a gold thread button. I never" he continues, "saw a figure that gave a more perfect representation of a Highland gentleman. I wished much to have a picture of him just as he was. I found him frank and polite, in the true sense of the word." To this excellent pen picture, Boswell adds that while he and Dr. Johnson rode to the boat Malcolm walked with graceful agility. On the journey several Gaelic songs were sung, Malcolm singing "*Tha tighinn fodham eirigh*," the Rev. Mr. Macqueen and the whole crew joining in the chorus. The boatmen also sang with great spirit, and when they landed the singing of the rowers was taken up by the reapers on shore, who were working with a bounding activity. Dr. Johnson was struck

with the beauty of the Bay, by the appearance "of a good family mansion," which was built soon after 1746, and its surroundings. They were met as they walked up to the house, by Raasay himself, his brother Dr. Murdoch Macleod, Norman (afterwards General) Macleod of Macleod, Colonel Macleod of Talisker, Alexander Macleod of Muiravonside, and several other persons of quality.

Boswell, describing the reception, says—"We were welcomed upon the green, and conducted into the house, where we were introduced to Lady Raasay, who was surrounded by a numerous family, consisting of three sons and ten daughters. The Laird of Raasay is a sensible, polite, and most hospitable gentleman. I was told that his Island of Raasay, and that of Rona (from which the eldest son of the family has his title), and a considerable extent of land which he has in Skye, do not altogether yield him a very large revenue; and yet he lives in great splendour; and so far is he from distressing his people, that in the present rage for emigration, not a man has left his estate." Immediately on their arrival, Johnson, his friend, and the company were served with brandy, "according to the custom of the Highlands, where a dram is generally taken every day." They were then provided with a substantial dinner and a variety of wines, finishing up with tea and coffee. A ball followed, at which Raasay danced with great spirit, and Malcolm bounded like a roe; while Macleod of Muiravonside exhibited an excessive flow of spirits. The Doctor was delighted with the whole scene. Thirty-six persons sat down to supper at which "all was good humour and gaiety, without intemperance." Boswell describes Raasay as having the true spirit of a Chief and as being, without exaggeration, a father to his people.

Raasay's eldest daughter, who married Colonel Muir Campbell, afterwards Earl of Loudon, Boswell describes as "the queen of our ball," and as "an elegant well-bred woman, celebrated for her beauty over all those regions by the name of Miss Flory Raasay."

The island at the period of Dr. Johnson's visit had abundance of black cattle, and a good many horses which were used for ploughing and other works of husbandry. There were no roads;

most of the houses were on the shore; the people had small boats and caught fish, and there were plenty of potatoes. Blackcock were in "extraordinary abundance," as also grouse, plover, and wild pigeons. There were no hares or rabbits. "It is a place where one may live in plenty, and even luxury. There are no deer;" but Macleod was to import some.

A curious arrangement existed between the Macleods of Raasay and the Macdonalds of Sleat for generations, by which when the head of either house died his sword went to the head of the other family. John Macleod of Raasay had the sword which belonged to Sir James Macdonald when Dr. Johnson was in the Island. The two families were always on the most friendly terms.

John Macleod of Raasay was appointed by the Court of Session, tutor-dative to his nephews, Charles and Lachlan Mackinnon, and succeeded in securing the restitution of Mishnish in Mull, and Strathaird in Skye, from the heir of provision for young Charles, eldest son and heir of John Mackinnon, attainted for his share in the Rising of 1715 and 1745. Strath had been sold privately by Mackinnon of Mishnish to Sir James Macdonald in 1751. Raasay attempted to get this sale set aside, but failed; and the principal estate of Mackinnon went out of the family. The inventory taken by Macleod, on assuming his tutory, is dated 1757.

The great Dr. Johnson himself, with all his philosophy, was completely carried away by the generous and elegant hospitality which he experienced at Raasay House, and he describes it in the following glowing terms:—

"Our reception exceeded our expectation. We found nothing but civility, elegance, and plenty. After the usual refreshments, and the usual conversation, the evening came upon us. The carpet was then rolled off the floor, the musician was called in, and the whole company was invited to dance; nor did ever fairies trip it with greater alacrity. The general air of festivity which predominated in this place, so far remote from all those regions which the mind has been used to contemplate as the mansions of pleasure, struck the imagination with a delightful surprise, analogous to that which is felt at an unexpected emersion from darkness into light. When it was time to sup, the dance ceased, and six-and-thirty persons sat down to two tables in the same

room. After supper the ladies sung Erse [Gaelic] songs, to which I listened as an English audience to an Italian opera, delighted with the sound of words which I did not understand. The family of Raasay consists of the laird, the lady, three sons, and ten daughters. More gentleness of manners, or a more pleasing appearance of domestic society, is not found in the most polished countries."

John Macleod during a visit to London, afterwards called upon Dr. Johnson, who gave a fashionable entertainment in his honour.

He married Jane, daughter of Mr Macqueen with issue—

1. James his heir and successor.

2. John.

3. Malcolm, a Captain in the Indian army.

4. Flora, who, in 1777, married Colonel James Muir Campbell of Lawers, afterwards fifth Earl of Loudon, with issue—an only daughter, Flora-Muir, who, on his death, on the 26th of April, 1786, succeeded her father as Countess of Loudon in her own right. She was born in August, 1780, and on the 12th of July, 1804, married Francis, Earl of Moira, afterwards on the 7th of December, 1816, created first Marquis of Hastings, and Governor General of India. She died on the 8th of January, 1840, leaving issue—(1) George-Augustus-Francis, second Marquis of Hastings, born in 1808. (2) Flora-Elizabeth, lady of the bed-chamber to the duchess of Kent, who died on the 5th of July, 1839, unmarried. (3) Sophia-Frederica-Christina, who, on the 10th of April, 1845, married the late John, second Marquis of Bute, who died on the 28th of December, 1859, leaving issue—John Patrick, the present and third Marquis of Bute, who was born on the 12th of September, 1847, succeeded to the title on the death of his father on the 18th of March, 1848, and on the 16th of April, 1872, married the hon. Gwendoline-Mary-Anne, Fitz-Alan-Howard, eldest daughter of Lord Howard of Glossop, with issue. (4) Selina Constance, who on the 25th of June, 1838, married Captain C. J. Henry, and died in November, 1867. (5) Adelaide-Augusta-Lavinia, who on the 8th of July, 1854, married Sir William Keith Murray, 7th Baronet of Achtertyre, and died on the 6th of December, 1860.

5. Isabella, who married Major Thomas Ross, R.A., with

issue — two daughters, the eldest of whom, Elizabeth-Jane, married, as his second wife, Sir Charles D'Oyly, the celebrated amateur artist, and died, without issue, on the 1st of June, 1875. Lady D'Oyly was brought up in Raasay, and afterwards accompanied her aunt, the Marchioness of Hastings, to India, where she made the acquaintance of her future husband and there married him. While in India, she had an elegant set of pipes, "of peculiar workmanship," made for Mackay, the famous Raasay piper. These she presented to him, and, in acknowledgment, he composed in her honour, "Lady D'Oyly's Salute,"—so well known to the best pipers of our own day. Isabella, the second daughter of Major Ross, married Captain, afterwards Sir Walter R. Gilbert, of the H.E.I.C.S., when she became Lady Gilbert, with issue—a son and two daughters—one of whom married a son of Admiral Codrington.

6. Janet, who married Archibald Macra, Ardintoul, with issue—three sons and six daughters—(1) Sir John Macra, K.C.H., Lieutenant-Colonel of the 79th Cameron Highlanders. He served through the Peninsular War and eventually became Military Secretary to his relative, the Marquis of Hastings, when Governor-General of India. (2) The late Alexander Macra of Hushinish, with issue. (3) James, a surgeon in the army; died without issue. (4) Isabella, married Major Macrae of the 78th Highlanders. (5) Jane married John Macrae of Achtertyre. (6) Anne married Captain Valentine Chisholm. (7), Mary, who married Dr. Stewart Chisholm, of the Royal Artillery, who died at Inverness, in 1862, having attained the rank of Deputy-Inspector General of Army Hospitals. He was present at Waterloo, at the capture of Paris, and took part in the suppression of the Canadian Rebellion in 1837. Two of the sons got Commissions in the army as a reward for their father's services, namely Captain Archibald Macra Chisholm of Glassburn, in the 42nd Royal Highlanders Black Watch; and Loudon, in the 43rd H.E.I.C.S. The latter was killed on active service in the Burmese War in 1853. (8) Flora Macra of Ardintoul; and, (9) Christina, both of whom died unmarried.

7. A daughter, who married Colonel John Macleod of Colbecks, son of an eminent Jamaica planter, also John of

Colbecks, who died on the 12th of May, 1775. Colonel John, who is described as "married, with several children," registered arms in the Lyon Office in 1783. In 1809, Barlow, only son of Colonel John Macleod of Colbecks died.

8. A daughter, who married Rev. Dr. Patrick Campbell of Kilninver, with issue—(1) The Rev. John Macleod Campbell, so well known in ecclesiastical circles as the hero of the Row Heresy Case in connection with which he was deprived of his parish by the General Assembly. He died in February, 1872. (2) Archibald, an eminent mathematician, who wrote extensively on scientific subjects, and died early from over study. (3) A daughter, who married Mr. MacNab, a wealthy civilian in India, and afterwards resided in London, with issue. (4) Isabella, who married the Hon. Colonel Dalzell, son of the Earl of Carnwath.

9. A daughter, who married Olaus Macleod of Bharkasaig, with issue—four daughters, Jane, Margaret, Flora, and Mary, who married respectively, Colonel Farrington, Charles MacSween, Dr Baillie, and Dr. Martin.

10. A daughter, who married her first cousin, John Macleod of Eyre, a Captain in the Royal Navy, and son of Dr. Murdoch Macleod of the 'Forty-five, without issue.

11. A daughter, who married Charles MacSween.

12. A daughter, who married Mr Martin, Renetra, with issue—Bell, who married Martin Martin, Tote, brother of the late Dr Nicol Martin, without issue; and Jane, who married General Morin, one of Napoleon's General Officers, with issue—one daughter.

13. Anna, who married Donald Mackenzie of Hartfield, a Captain in the 100th Regiment of Foot, fourth son of Thomas Mackenzie VI. of Applecross and IV. of Highland with issue—John, Thomas, and Elizabeth, who died unmarried; Flora Loudon, who married General Sir Alexander Lindsay, H.E.I.C.S.; Jane, who married James Macdonald of Balranald, with issue—Alexander Macdonald, now of Balranald, and Edenwood, Fifeshire, and five daughters; Anne, who married Christopher Webb Smith, B.C.S.; Isabella Mary, who married Dr. Lachlan Maclean; and Maria, who married the late famous piper, John Mackenzie, the "Piobaire Bàn," with issue. She died

only a few years ago at her son's house, in Liverpool.

On the 16th July, 1779, John registered arms, in the Lyon Office, Edinburgh, when he describes himself, with slight genealogical inaccuracies, as "John Macleod of Raasay, Esquire, eldest son and heir of Malcolm Macleod of Raasay, by Mary, daughter of Alexander Mackenzie of Applecross, which Malcolm was only son of Alexander Macleod of Raasay and Florence [should be Catherine], daughter of Sir Norman Macleod of Bernera, which last Alexander succeeded his uncle [should be his cousin], John Garve Macleod of Raasay, who died without issue; which John Garve, who succeeded his brother [should be his father], Alexander Macleod of Raasay, was son of Alexander Macleod of Raasay, which last Alexander succeeded his father Malcolm [Garbh] Macleod of Raasay, who was son and heir of Alexander Macleod of Raasay, who was son and heir of Malcolm Garve Macleod of Raasay, in whose favour [the reversion was in favour, not of this Malcolm, but of his grandson, Malcolm Garbh], the lands and barony of Assynt, the lands, island and barony of Lewis, and the lands and island of Waterness were granted by Royal Charter under the Great Seal, dated 14th February 1571, failing the heirs male of Torquil Macleod, to whom the Charter was granted, son and apparent heir of Roderick Macleod of Lewis which Roderick was descended in a direct male line from Leodius of Lewis, a younger brother of Magnus, the last Norwegian King of Man."

John Macleod was succeeded by his eldest son,

X. JAMES MACLEOD, who made several improvements on the estate and rebuilt the Mansion House in its present extensive and elegant proportions. He was Lieutenant-Colonel of the first Isle of Skye Regiment of Volunteers, one of two regiments raised in the island in 1803, and numbering 517 men. He married Flora Ann Maclean, with issue—

1. John, his heir and successor.
2. James, who died without issue.
3. Loudon, married with issue—one daughter, Charlotte, who married Duncan Macrae, Faracabad, New South Wales, with issue—one son and two daughters.
4. Francis, who married, with issue—two sons in Australia, the

eldest of whom, on the death of his uncle John XI of Raasay without male issue, became representative of the family.

5. The Rev. Malcolm Macleod, minister of Snizort, father of the late Rev. Roderick Macleod, Free Church minister of the same parish, who was Moderator of the Free Assembly in 1863.

6. Hannah-Elizabeth who on the 21st of November 1833, married Sir John Campbell of Ardnamurchan (who died on the 18th of January 1853) with issue—Sir John William Campbell and present Baronet, and several others. She married, secondly, Henry Maule of Twickenham, and died on the 4th of November 1873.

James died in 1824, when he was succeeded by his eldest son, XI. JOHN MACLEOD, an officer in the 78th Highlanders. He married Mary, daughter of Sir Donald Macleod, a distinguished military officer in the Indian Army, and son of Macleod of Bharkasaig, with issue—an only daughter. Having got into difficulties, the estate was in 1846 sold by his creditors to George Rainy.

On John's death, the eldest son of Francis, youngest son of James Macleod X. of Raasay, residing in Adelaide, Australia, became representative of the family.

[THE articles on The Macleods, which have been appearing in the *Celtic Magazine* during the last three years, have been revised, and very much extended, and are now being printed in the form of a handsome volume, of between four and five hundred pages, uniform with the author's Histories of the Mackenzies, the Macdonalds, and the Camerons. To the contributions which from time appeared in this periodical will be added the Sketches which have of late been published by the same author in the *Scottish Highlander*, such as those of the old MacLeods of Meikle and Glendale; the MacLeods of Gesto; the MacLeods of Bernera and Muiravonside; of Hamer; and of Greshornish. Interesting historical and genealogical accounts of the Macleods of Talisker, Rigg, Drynoch, Assynt, Geanies, Cadboll, and other branch families will appear in the *Scottish Highlander* from week to week, all of which, when finally corrected and completed, will form part of the forthcoming "History of the MacLeods," to be published by subscription, by A. & W. Mackenzie, High Street, Inverness, who should be early communicated with by parties desiring to possess copies, or who wish to have their families noticed in the work. It will be observed that the names of several of John MacLeod, IX. of Raasay's daughters are wanting in the preceding article; but we hope to be able to procure them before the account of the Raasay family is reached in the separate volume. Any information on this point, or others, connected with any other branch of the Macleods, will be much esteemed and thankfully acknowledged by the author.—A. M.]

WHO DESTROYED THE SPANISH ARMADA?

[BY JOHN WHYTE.]

DURING the past few months there has been a re-echoing of the patriotic and religious exultation which took place three hundred years ago at the destruction of the Invincible Armada of Philip the Second of Spain, which was to have overturned the English Throne and Constitution, and crushed out of existence the infant Reformation. A good deal of public oratory and literature has been set free to refresh the historical knowledge and to warm the pious gratitude of the people of this country on account of the signal deliverance of that great occasion. Among the literary contributions there have appeared two—one in the *Nineteenth Century* for September, by the Marquis of Lorne, and another in the *Globe*, evidently from the same hand, or at least pointing to an identical source—both dealing in a very interesting manner with the story which our Highlands had to tell—an eventful story if we could only know it all—of the discomfiture and destruction of that proud and magnificent expedition. The outstanding facts and circumstances of the event are known to all students of history; how the squadrons of England under Howard and Seymour and Drake began the work which the winds and waves and the rocky coasts of Scotland and Ireland so satisfactorily consummated. The history of the equipment, the departure, and the fate of the Armada is full and accessible enough up to the point at which the superhuman agencies intervened; after that it is, as might be expected, meagre and fragmentary. Like the remains of the expedition itself it comes in scattered morsels from the northern coasts of Scotland and Ireland; in several cases rendered definite and tangible in the form of some material relics of the catastrophe. Besides frequent statements in the despatches and State Papers of the time, the chronicles and traditions of the country are full of references to the fate of the Armada. The Irish “Annals of Loch Cé,” under the year 1588, give the following brief but vivid picture:—

“Sbainnig do theacht co h-Erinn loinges adbhail mor, agus do baithedh a h-ocht no a naoi do na longaib sin a Mumhain agus a Connachtuib agus an méid nar baith an muir do lucht na long sin do baithed, do marbhatar Saxannaigh iad; agus ní

h-eidir arimh no a innisín gach ar baithed ocus gach ar marbad san loinges sin ar a méid, ocus gach a frith don edáil, dór ocus dairged ocus do gach maithes arcena."

["Spaniards came to Erin, a very great fleet; and eight or nine of those ships were wrecked in Mumha and Connacht; and Saxons killed all who were not drowned of the crews of those ships that were wrecked; and it is not possible to reckon or tell all that were drowned, and all that were slain in that fleet, on account of their number, and the quantity of spoils got of gold and silver and of every kind of treasure besides."]

Somewhat similar evidence might have been furnished by the Highlands of Scotland, but alas, unlike the Annals of Loch Cé, a large share of the history of our lochs and glens is lost through the want of "masters" to chronicle it when it was fresh, or it has become hazy and even mythical in course of transmission through the medium of tradition. We can however point, as has been done by the Marquis of Lorne, to at least one undoubted relic of the Spanish Armada lying at the bottom of the sea in Tobermory Bay. Of this fact there is abundant historical evidence, and there are said to be several pieces of ordnance as well as fragments of timber from the submerged hulk to attest it. In his "Memoirs of the Affairs of Scotland, 1577-1603," David Moysie says—

"In the beginning of October [1588], one of these great ships was drove in at the Mull of Kintyre [? the Island of Mull], in which there were five hundred men or thereby; she carried threescore brass cannon in her, besides others, and great store of gold and silver. She was soon after suddenly blown up by powder, and two or three hundred men in her, which happened by some of their own people." —*Chambers's Domestic Annals*, Vol. I., p. 188.

The presence of a number of Spaniards in the Island of Mull at that time is borne out by the fact that we have it complained to the Privy Council that—

Lauchlane McClayne of Dowart "accompanied with a grite nowmer of thevis, brokin men, and sornaris of Clannis, besydes the nowmer of ane hundreth Spanyeartis come, bodin in feir of weir to his Majesteis propir illis of Canna, Rum, Eg, and the Ile of Ellenole, and eftir thay had soirned, wracked, and spoiled the saidis haille Illis, thay tressonablie rased fyre, and in maist barbarous, shamefull and cruell maner, brynt the same Illis, with the haille men wemen and childrene being their intill, not spairing the pupillis and infantis, and at that same tyme past to the Castell of Ardnamurchin, assegeit the same, and lay about the said castell three dayis, using in the meantyme all kynd of hostilitie and force, baith be fyre and swerd that mycht be had for recovery thereof"—*Privy Council Register (Scot.)*, Vol. IV., pp. 341-2.

The said Lauchlane was, in consequence of this raid, "denounced rebel." In March, 1588-9, he was, however, granted

remission under the Privy Seal, and in this deed of pardon he is specifically credited with "art and part plotting of felonious burning and blowing up by sulphurous gunpowder of a Spanish ship and of the men and provision of the same near to the Island of Mull."—Marquis of Lorne, in *Nineteenth Century*.

Martin, writing about the year 1695, has a different version of the destruction of the ship, but his account may have been largely derived from floating tradition. He says—

"One of the ships of the Spanish Armada called the Florida perished in this bay, having been blown up by one Smollet of Dunbarton in the year 1588. There was a great sum of gold and money on board the ship, which disposed the Earl of Argyll and some Englishmen to attempt the recovery of it; but how far the latter succeeded in this enterprise is not generally well known; only that some pieces of gold and money and a golden chain was taken out of her. I have seen some fine brass cannon, some pieces of eight, teeth beads, and pins that had been taken out of that ship. Several of the inhabitants of Mull told me that they had conversed with their relations that were living at the harbour when this ship was blown up; and they gave an account of an admirable providence that appeared in the preservation of one Doctor Beaton (the famous physician of Mull), who was on board the ship when she blew up and was then sitting on the upper deck, which was blown up entire and thrown a good way off, yet the doctor was saved, and lived several years after."—*Western Islands of Scotland*, pp. 254-5.

Still another account of the destruction of the so-called "Florida" is given in excellent Gaelic by the late Rev. Dr. Macleod of St. Columba's, Glasgow. It also is evidently in some measure based on the traditions of the district, with which Dr. Macleod must from his early boyhood have been familiar. I translate an extract for the benefit of the non-Gaelic portion of the readers of the *Celtic Magazine*—

"The Florida made for Tobermory in the Island of Mull, as safe a harbour as is to be found in the whole world. There was at that time peace between Scotland and Spain so that the people of the ship and those of the district were on terms of cordial and open friendship. Not a day came but it brought gentry from every quarter of the Highlands to see the ship, and they were received with all the hospitality and kindness that the Spaniards could show them. The Queen of England hearing how matters stood, succeeded, by one of the most diabolical inventions that ever entered the brain of man, in destroying this great ship. A Scotchman named Smollet accepted a bribe to set fire to the ship. Disguising himself as a drover and dressed in the Highland garb, he came to the country and while one day visiting the ship he surreptitiously concealed on board an infernal machine designed to set on fire and destroy the ship. He thereupon quickly conveyed himself ashore and set off for England without delay. He had not been more than about six miles away when he received abundant proof that his infamous purpose had

succeeded. The place is pointed out to this day where he stood when he heard the noise of the explosion by which the ship was burned and blown asunder. Almost all who were on board, soldiers, crew and visitors perished. A portion of the ship's upper deck went ashore, and it is said that six men who had been standing upon it were saved."—*Teachdaire Gaillach*, Vol. II., pp. 135-6.

The Marquis of Lorne favours the story by which the explosion is attributed to Donald Glas of Morven who had been sent on board by MacLaine of Duart to demand payment for provisions supplied to the crew, and who, being about to be carried away by the Spaniards, found his way to the powder magazine and blew up the ship. One point which his lordship seems to have established is that the "Florencia," and not the "Florida," was the name of the ship.

Several attempts have been made to secure whatever treasure was on board, the first being in the year 1641. It does not appear however, that much of value was recovered. Some pieces of ordnance, as already mentioned, a few coins, and portions of the wreck itself, seem to be all that ever came to the daylight, though the report of the country has it that a Spanish war-ship did come in the beginning of the eighteenth century, with a number of divers on board, who reported that they had found the hulk of the ship, but declined to say what of treasure they had secured. They never returned to Spain, however; the supposition being that they had gone to France, there to enjoy the fruits of their diving. Pennant says that he himself was presented with a piece of the wreck "by an old inhabitant of the place, to be preserved in memory of this signal providence, so beautifully acknowledged by Queen Elizabeth, in the motto of the medal struck on the occasion: 'Afflavit Deus, et dissipantur.'" Part, also, of the wood of the vessel was presented by Sir Walter Scott to His Majesty George IV., on the occasion of his visit to Edinburgh. So far, authentic history, or what might possibly be authentic history, with regard to the Invincible Armada, its contact with the Highlands, and the fate of the "Florencia," and her crew in the Bay of Tobermory.

Far be it from me to withhold one tittle of the honour and glory due to Howard, and Seymour, and Drake, the gallant commanders of the fleet of good Queen Bess, or to make little of the deliverance which the country experienced through the destruc-

tion of the galleons of Philip of Spain. It is but right, however, though it is three hundred years late, to relate the current belief in Mull and the Western Isles, with regard to the real agents in the destruction of the Armada, in order that their memories should now receive tardy justice at the hands of their countrymen.

From time immemorial, Mull has been famed as the nursery and home of a race of witches, known in the language of the people as "doideagan" ("frizzled ones"). Maclean by name, they regarded themselves as retainers of the family of Duart, swearing fealty to, and claiming the protection of the Chief of the Clan Maclean. The tribe was indigenous to the place. Mull being an island, it was impossible that they could have come into it from any other quarter, for we have it on the highest authority—

"A runnin' stream they daurna cross,"

and anyone who has sailed along the Sound of Mull will acknowledge that there is not such another "running stream" in all broad Scotland. Be it known, then,—and I can cite Macalpine of the Dictionary (*vide* the word, "doideag") as one authority for my declaration,—that the ships of Phillip's Invincible Armada, were one and all sunk by one of these Maclean witches. In these degenerate days, the bare suggestion of such a thing is apt to provoke a smile, but no one can surely have the temerity to question the opinion of one of Scotland's most distinguished legal authorities. Sir George Mackenzie of Rosehaugh, in his treatise on the "Laws and Customs of Scotland in Matters Criminal," says, page 42, "That there are witches, divines cannot doubt, since the word of God hath ordained that no witch shall live; nor lawyers in Scotland, seeing our law ordains it to be punished with death." By an extension of this principle of reasoning, if the law courts of Scotland declare any specific acts of witchcraft proved, it follows, as a matter of course, that the persons charged with them did really possess the power ascribed to them. To put it shortly: if the law of Scotland punishes witchcraft with death, there must be such a thing as witchcraft; and if the same law finds a person guilty of an act of witchcraft, that person is infallibly a witch and deserves to be put to death. To establish, then, a presumption in favour of the

power claimed for the Maclean witches of 1588, all that is necessary for my purpose is to ascertain whether such acts were proved in other cases. Nothing was commoner among witches than the infliction of punishment by means of types; the usual method being the preparation of a clay or wax image of the person to be operated upon; "and when the witches prick or punse these images," I am quoting Sir George Mackenzie, "the persons whom these images represent do find extream torment, which doth not proceed from any influence these images have upon the body tormented, but the Devil doth by natural means raise the torments in the person tormented at the same very time that the witches do prick or punse or hold to the fire these images of clay or wax." We are very fortunate in having the assistance of a person so competent to deal with the *rationale* of the subject as Sir George. Again following the line which he here lays down, all we have to do is to discover whether the criminal records of Scotland supply any thing applicable to ships similar to the expedients used in administering chastisement to offending persons. So far from a scarcity of available instances there are frequent references to the application of these fiendish practices to ships at sea. Arnot, in his "Criminal Trials," tells of a lady called Euphan Mac Calzeane, who was burned alive after trial for, among other things, "raising storms to hinder King James's return from Denmark," whither he had gone in quest of his bride; an event which naturally created alarm in the dominions of the Prince of Darkness. Better to my purpose, however, is the case related by Scott, in his "Demonology," of one Elizabeth Barclay, of Irvine, whose *modus operandi* was substantially that which tradition ascribes to the Mull witch who destroyed the Armada. An eye-witness of Barclay's cantrips gave evidence that he saw herself and an accomplice proceed to "mould a figure of a ship in clay," which figure they cast in the sea, "after which the sea raged, roared, and became red like the juice of madder in a dyer's cauldron." Of course she was found guilty and put to death. The patriotic dame of Mull doubtless knew of the projected invasion by King Phillip, and must have been laughing in her sleeve at the alarm which took possession of all and sundry, in anticipation of the arrival of the fleet—knowing

full well, that in her own secret laboratory she had all the means necessary to bring about its complete and speedy destruction. No sooner were the ships announced as having entered British waters than she set about raising a storm by the plan so well known to the witches of Norway, time out of mind, or more recently to "Stiné Bheag o' Tarbat," immortalised in Hugh Miller's "Scenes and Legends of the North of Scotland." Then taking with her the clay image of a ship, she went to the sea shore. Placing her model in the water, she kept whirling it about, and as often as it sank, down went one of Philip's invincible men-of-war. Well might it be said of her, as was said of a sister in the art, "lang after kent on Carrick shore," that, in the exercise of her vocation, she "perished mony a bonnie boat."

Her modesty prevented her from claiming any share of the honour due to her patriotism ; or perhaps it was her fear of the statute of Queen Mary, which enacted that "nae person take upon hand to use ony manner of witchcrafts, sorcery, or necromancy, nor give themselves furth to have ony sic craft or knowledge thereof . . . under the pain of death." I cannot help thinking if King James the Sixth knew to whom and to what agency he and the Queen of England owed their deliverance from the Spanish Armada, he would never have entered upon the ruthless and brutal crusade against witches, which disgraced his own subsequent reign and that of his successors, down to the year 1727, when the last witch who suffered in Scotland, was burnt on the Links of Dornoch.

Singularly interesting in its bearing on the universal tradition regarding the existence, and the alleged performances of the Maclean witches of Mull, is the history, so well told by Mr William Mackay in the "Transactions of the Gaelic Society of Inverness," vol. ix., of a colony of Macleans from Mull, who had been for ages prior to the year 1662, settled as kindly tenants on The Chisholm's estates in Strathglass. Whether their repute followed them, or whether anything in their conduct gave rise to the charge, a number of them were, in that year, accused of witchcraft, and after the application of sundry cruel tests—such as pricking their flesh with long brass pins—The Chisholm of the day made application to the Privy Council for a Commission to

try them, and put them to death. The application was granted, and there is every probability that they would have been all cruelly put to death but for the unexpected and providential interposition of the Chief of their Clan, Sir Allan Maclean of Duart, who presented a petition to the Privy Council, demanding justice for them, the result being that the former order was suspended, and the trials departed from,—not, however, before some of the poor people who had been “pricked,” died in prison.

“In the annals of our country,” observes Mr Mackay, “there is perhaps no case which illustrates better than the one now under consideration, the strength of that cord of care and confidence which, in the olden times, bound together the Chief and the Clan, and which the more conservative of our Highland Chiefs still strive to preserve; nor do I know of any incident that more vividly reflects the best features of the old Clan system. In this present age of boasted ‘progress’ and cold, calculating, and distant dealing between the high and the low, it affords the student of the past no small pleasure to stumble upon such kindly deeds as the exertions of Sir Allan Maclean, the Knight of Duart, to shield from injustice his ‘kinsfolk and friends’ . . . the poor witches of Strathglass.”

The Island of Mull does not appear to have benefited much by the alleged treasures brought by the big ship to the Bay of Tobermory. It is said, however, that to the enforced visit of that ill-fated ship, the island owes its breed of active, nimble-footed ponies. A number of horses are said to have been on board when she arrived, which were put ashore to graze, and thus escaped the destruction which overtook the ship and its crew.

One more Highland tradition of the “Florence,” to conclude this rambling paper. I translate it from the article by the late Rev. Dr Macleod, already referred to. It is a singularly beautiful story, and no less felicitously told by the revered editor of the “Teachdaire Gaelach”:—

“In the ship,” says he, “there was one of the princesses of Spain. Her body was found, and she was buried with the honours becoming her high rank in the churchyard of Morven, where the stone chest in which she was laid, is shown to this day. It is related in the ancient history of that district, that a ship was sent from Spain, to carry her body home to her own land. It is also said that some of the joints of her hand were lost; and according to the superstitious belief of the country, the ghost of this royal maiden may still be seen about the shore, in the pale moonlight, searching for the missing bones.”

HERO TALES OF THE GAEL.

X. THE LAY OF CONLAOCH.

WE shall end the story of Cuchulinn with a rendering of the ballad of Conlaoch. It was already stated that Cuchulinn learned his martial education in Skye, and that there he had fought with a princess named Aife, whom he conquered and compelled to marriage. Soon thereafter Cuchulinn left Skye, not knowing that Aife was to be the mother of a son. This was Conlaoch. Aife, who was a warrior queen, educated her son in all warlike accomplishments possible, save only the "gae-bolg." She then sent him to Ireland under "geasa" not to reveal his name, but he was to challenge and slay if need be the champions there. She secretly hoped in this way that he would kill his father Cuchulinn, and so avenge her wrongs. He landed in Ireland, demanded combat, and overcame everybody. He lastly overcame and bound Conall Cernach, next to Cuchulinn, the best champion of Erin. Then Conchobar sent for Cuchulinn; he came—asked Conlaoch his name, but he would not divulge it. Conlaoch knew his father Cuchulinn, and though Cuchulinn pressed him hard, he tried to do him no injury. Cuchulinn, finding the fight go against him, called, as in his extremity he always did, for the Gae-Bolg. He killed Conlaoch. Then follows a scene of tender and simple pathos, such as not rarely ends these ballads of genuine origin. The story is exactly parallel to that of Soohrab and Rustem in Persia, so beautifully rendered in verse by Matthew Arnold.

The following version of the ballad is translated from the Dean of Lismore's Book. There are many obscure verses, though the modern ballads, such as Gillies' version, are fairly good. Miss Brooke's copy of the ballad is longer than the Dean's and agrees with it only in about a dozen verses. The Dean gives the poet as Gilliecalum Mac-an-olave, "G., son of the Doctor." He was probably a poet of the 15th century.

I heard from the days of old
A tale that should cause us sorrow;
'Tis time to relate it sadly,
Although it will fill us with grief.

Rughraídh's race, unhasty in judging,
Under Conchobar and under Connal,
Had all their youth a-field
On the low-land of Ulster province.

Whosoever came among them,
With all the heroes of Banva there,
Had one more combat to undertake
By orders of Clan Rughraídh.

There came upon them the warrior fierce,
The dauntless champion, Conlaoch,
On the voiceful beauteous sea,
From Dun-Skaith to Erin.

Then spoke Conchobar to the rest :
" Whom shall we get to go to the youth
To discover his mind and his story,
Without returning with refusal from him

Then Connal went, nor weak his arm,
To discover from the young man his story
As a proof of the hero's mettle,
Connal was prisoner bound by Conlaoch !

The hero did not stop his exploits,
The wrathful valiant Conlaoch ;
He prisoners bound a hundred of the people,
Wonderful and even sad it is to tell.

To the Hound's Chief was sent a message
From Ulster's high king, the wise,
To Dundalk, sunny and fair,
The old hospitable fort of the Gael.

From that fort, 'tis so we read,
Came forth the daughter of Forgall ;
The tale of the heroic deeds done
Was told to the hospitable king of the land.

To discover the state of green Ulster's people,
Came Cu, the hero of the Red Branch,
His teeth like yearl, his cheek like berries ;
He refused not to come to help us.

" Long," said Conchobar to the Cu,
" Wast thou in coming to our help,
And Connal, who loves ramping steeds,
Is in bonds and a hundred of our folk."

" Sad is it to me that in bonds is he
Who would succour bring to friend,
But not easy is it to enter the lists
Against the man who has bound Connal."

"Do not think of not attacking him,
Prince of the dreaded dark-blue swords;
Thou whose arm was faint 'gainst none,
Think of your foster-father and him in bonds!"

Cuchulinn, of the tried sharp weapons,
When he heard the plaint of Conall,
Then moved, in the might of his strength,
To take of the youth account.

"Tell us, now that I am before you,"
Said the Cu, "Thou who refusest not fight,
Thou, fair thy side and black thy eyebrow,
Tell us news of thy name and where thy country is."

"I am under prohibition, since leaving home,
To strangers to tell my tale;
But were I inclined to tell it anyone,
To you, such your look, I would tell it first."

"Combat with me thou must undertake,
Or tell thy tale like to a friend;
Take thy choice, thou soft-haired one,
But dangerous to thee will be the fight."

"But did I refuse the fight,
Thou leopard Cu of Erin,
Thou brave-handed hero in strife's full front,
My name and fame thou wouldst have for nought."

Then they drew near one another,
Nor was it the conflict of women;
The young hero met his death-wound
From the sharp, cruel spear.

A hard conflict that was to Cuchulinn,
He was that day under discomfiture,
For he slew his only son,
That free, brave branch, gentle, fair.

"Tell us now," said the Cu of the feats,
"For thou art now at my mercy,
Thy country and name at once—
Hide them not from us in death."

"I am Conlaach, son of the Cu,
Rightful heir of Dundalk;
It was I thou ledest unborn
When at Skaith thou wert being taught.

Seven years was I in the East
Learning brave feats from my mother;
The feats by which I have fallen now,
Were all I still wanted to learn.

*Ill didst thou understand my fight,
O noble, high-minded father ;
For I hurled the spear weakly,
Not straight, and also end-ways."

When Cu saw his son was dead,
And his colour and form were changed,
Thinking of the generous heart of the youth,
He lost both memory and reason.

His soul from the body of Cu
With grief was nigh-well severed,
At seeing as he lay on the earth
The hero of Dundalk.

Miss Brooke, Kennedy and the MacCallums give a number of verses, purporting to be Cuchulinn's lament over his son. Some of them are very touching, but most are merely a catalogue of the heroes of the time, introduced thus :—" Well for Loegaire the Victorious that he had not slain thee, well for Conall, &c., I should have avenged thee !"

UNPUBLISHED PROVERBS.

Tha iomaadh dòigh air cù a mharbhadh gun a thacadh le im.
There are many ways of killing a dog without resorting to choking him with butter.

*Mo thruaigh fear gnn rud aige,
'Nuair thàirngeas gach fear a chuid thuige*

Woe to him that has not when each one claims his own.

B' fhearr leam na nì air Domhan omhan air deur fuar.
Before anything on earth I would prefer froth on a cold drop.
The application seems obscure. Some special circumstance may have given the phrase its origin.

Ged tha thu buidheach na bris do shoitheach. Though you have had enough do not break your dish.

Bidh an ciontach gealtach. The guilty is always in terror.

Buille mu seach, buille gun dreach. Stroke about, stroke without effect. Applied to rowers who do not keep stroke.

Cha chuir bean-tighe ghlic h-uibhean uile fo aon chirc. A wise house-wife will not set all her eggs under one hen.

*This verse is not in the Dean's version.

REVIEWS.

THE BOOK OF NOODLES: STORIES OF SIMPLETONS, OR
FOOLS AND THEIR FOLLIES. By W. A. Clouston.
London: Elliot Stock, 1888.

MR. CLOUSTON has already, by his work on "Popular Tales and Fictions," established himself in the fore front of our best folklorist, and his present volume not only leaves secure the position he has made but even still further advances him, so that it would be hard, we should say, now to find his equal in the department of folk-lore that deals with the migration of popular tales and their literary history. He believes that popular tales, as a rule, started each in one definite place and spread from there, permeating through the contiguous nations and, being adopted and borrowed by them, passing on to nations still further away. Another process was that of transference which was mostly done by travellers and merchants, pilgrims and traders, who visited the lands where the tales originated. Mr. Clouston looks to India as the ultimate source of many, indeed, of most of our folk tales. It must be said that he considerably strengthens his position by the "Noodle" stories presented in the volume before us. We say this, despite the fact that, of all classes of stories, jests and jokes are the most easily and most commonly re-invented.

We cannot enter here upon the difficulties we find in largely accepting the "borrowing" theory of the diffusion of folk tales, but we cannot pass over a remarkable example of two independently originated folk tales, just to hand. The story of the mermaid caught by the young fisher when her sealskin is off, taken home to be his wife, who afterwards leaves him on the discovery of her sealskin, is a common one on Gaelic ground. Now in the September number of the *Archæological Review* there is an exactly similar story from the New Hebrides, told by two natives from two different islands. The remarkable similarity of Gaelic folk tales, and especially the Noodle stories in Campbell's volumes, to those of the Norse and of the Italians, Mr. Clouston thus accounts for: "The identity of Noodle stories of Europe with those in what are for us their oldest forms, the

Buddhist and Indian books, is very remarkable, particularly so in the case of Norse popular fictions, which there is every reason to believe, were largely introduced through the Mongolians; and the similarity of Italian and West Highland stories to those of Iceland and Norway would seem to indicate the influence of the Norsemen in the Western Islands of Scotland and in the south of Europe." It may be pointed out that Professor Bugge holds Norse mythology to be but a broken-down reminiscence of Christian and South European legend, filtered through Irish sources during the Norse occupations, quite a contrary theory to Mr. Clouston's. The subject is a very difficult one: the similarity between the tales in Campbell, Dasent, and Grimm is so close as at times to make it impossible to believe that the one can be but borrowed from the other at a time not very remote.

But such a discussion is only incidental to Mr. Clouston's work; his main purpose is to record, compare and trace Noodle stories. He begins with ancient Greek Noodles, then he enters on the Gothamite drolleries, to which he devotes three chapters out of the seven of which the book is composed. Then come stories of the "Silly Son"—simple Simon who went a-fishing for to catch a whale, and the like. Thereafter are detailed the stories of the "Four Simple Brahmans;" while the last chapter deals with the "Three Great Noodles," the work concluding with an appendix on Jack of Dover's Quest of the Fool of All Fools. Mr. Clouston has done his work admirably in every way; the reading is pleasant, the stories are excellently told, and the science is kept in the back-ground. We know few books that can be read at the same time with so much profit and genuine amusement. Many Highland specimens are given, and we can do no better here than add one or two further.

There is a well-known Gothamite jest about the man who put a sack of meal on his own shoulders to save his horse and then got on the animal's back and rode home. It is thus told in a 17th century translation from the French: "Seeing one day his mule charged with a verie great Portmantle, [Gaulard] said to his groome that was upon the back of the mule, thou lazie fellowe, hast thou no pitie upon that poore Beast? Take that portmantle upon thine owne shoulders to ease the poore Beast." This story

is also in our time told of an Irishman with a keg of smuggled whisky. To these instances brought forward by Mr. Clouston, we have to add the oldest version of all. Aristophanes, in his "Frogs," introduces Dionysus and his slave Xanthias, the latter of whom is mounted on an ass, and he carries on his shoulder the luggage of both. His continual complaints of feeling the weight and the arguments whereby Dionysus proves that Xanthias does not carry the luggage since he is himself carried are extremely funny. We had thought that the following story, which we had heard told of a Glen-Urquhart woman, was founded on facts till we met with it in Mr. Clouston's book. The scene is a lykewake; the husband is lying dead in the room and the widow, amidst many lamentations and continual references to the likings and desires of the departed, finds that the fire is somewhat low. "O, curibh tuilleadh teine air," says she. "Is ann leis fhein bu toil an teine. Teine siorruidh gum biodh aige!" (O, heap on more fire. It is himself that liked the fire. May he have eternal fire!) Mr. Clouston's story from *Archie Armstrong's Banquet of Fests* is as follows: "Sitting over a cup of ale in a winter night two widows entered into discourse of their dead husbands, and after ripping up their good and bad qualities, saith one of them to the maid, 'I prithee, wench, reach us another light, for my husband (God rest his soul!) above all things loved to see good lights about the house. God grant him everlasting light!' 'And I pray you, neighbour,' said the other, 'let the maid lay on some more coals or stir up the fire, for my husband in his lifetime ever loved to see a good fire. God grant him fire everlasting!'"

We have heard, tagged on to the end of the foregoing Glen-Urquhart story, though oftenest independent, the following ludicrous incident. The scene is a lykewake as before, and the widow is recounting midst a profusion of tears the good qualities of her dead husband, whose corpse was lying in the room. The latter part of her lament went thus: "A' chiad uair a chunna(ie) mi mo ghaoil, is ann am bala dannsaidh. Thug mi suil air's thug e suil orm, 's tha cuimhne agam gus an latha an diu am port bha aig an fhidhleir: 'Di-doud-didil-doud-lum etc.'" (The first time I ever saw my love, it was at a dancing ball. He looked at me and I looked at him. I mind well till this day the tune the

fiddler was playing: Di-doud-didil etc.,) and she proceeded to "diddle" and dance the tune. Space forbids us to quote further from this fascinating book, otherwise we should like to have combined pleasure with science in showing how Mr. Clouston follows the fortunes and the changes of such a story as the Scotch ballad tells in the "Barring o' the door," tracing it from Europe to Asia through its many ramifications. The book is also beautifully printed and got up, belonging as it does to the "Book-lover's Library," which is edited by Mr. Wheatley.

EARLY CHRISTIAN ART IN IRELAND: BY MARGARET
STOKES. London: Chapman & Hull, 1887.

THIS book is published under the direction of the Committee of Council on Education, and is one of the South Kensington Museum Handbooks. We have never seen so much excellent archaeologic and artistic matter bearing on Gaelic Antiquities and Art, brought together before in so concise and so clear a manner. The book contains only some two hundred pages, and yet there are over one hundred illustrations and scarcely a point of archaeologic importance is overlooked. The artistic side of the subject has the largest attention paid to it, but the chapter on building and architecture, for example, begins with the rude stone monuements and ends with the exquisite architectural buildings of the 11th and 12th centuries. Miss Stokes has the latest and best views on all points of archaeologic dispute. The earth houses, whether of Scotland or Ireland, she maintains to have been store houses. The remains of raths and dunes, with their thick ramparts and stone huts, are attributed to the early Gaels. The Ogham character is declared to have prevailed in Ireland at the transition period from Paganism to Christianity in the third and fourth centuries, and this agrees well with the undoubtedly archaic character of the word-forms that appear on old Ogham monuements. The book is everything that one could desire in a handbook on its subject.

THE HOLY SCRIPTURES IN IRELAND ONE THOUSAND YEARS AGO. SELECTIONS FROM THE WURTZBURG GLOSSES. Translated by Rev. Thomas Olden, A.B. Dublin : Hodges, Figgis, & Co., 1888.

THOSE who wish to understand what the old Irish and Gaelic Church believed and wrote in regard to the Epistles of the New Testament, and particularly the Pauline doctrines, will find Mr. Olden's book exactly what they require. It forms as complete a body of old Gaelic doctrine as we can get. All the verses upon which comments are made are quoted in full. The translation of the Irish commentary only is given. Mr. Olden discusses, in a preface, the views and sources of the commentary, and in a learned and excellent appendix he details the life and opinions of the fathers and writers whom the commentators used. The Irish Church was extremely Catholic in its opinions : the commentators quote the views of orthodox and heretic writers with equal approval when they appear to them right. The heretical Pelagius is actually the commentator most quoted from. Perhaps the reason for this was that Pelagius was himself a Scot or, at any rate, a Briton. Was he Morgan or Murdoch in a primitive form? For, of course, his name is translated into Latin from the British or Gaelic as was the custom in those days, and Pelagius means "marine, sea-faring." Students of the history of the Celtic Church can hardly do without Mr. Olden's scholarly work.

NOTES AND NEWS.

WE are glad to observe that the "Poems of Ossian" have found place among the "Canterbury Poets." This is a series of neat pretty volumes issued by Mr. Walter Scott of London, and edited by Mr. William Sharp. As the volumes are but pocket size, and some three hundred pages, of course only the chief and best poems of the author's works are in each case given. The volume devoted to "Ossian" is edited by Mr. George Eyre-Todd. Of the twenty-three poems comprised in the 1762 and 1763 editions, Mr. Eyre-Todd publishes eighteen. He rejects *Temora* and its weary eight books, and with it *Berrathon*, *Battle of Lora*, and *Conlath and Cuthon*. *Temora* was given as a complete poem in 1762, in one piece, which now forms book I. of the "Epic." This first part is founded on a genuine tradition—the *Ballad of Oscar* : the other seven books are absolutely Macpherson's own. The *Battle of Lora* is founded on the *Ballad of Ben Edin*. Mr. Todd has therefore

rejected two poems founded on the old ballads. He also maintains the authenticity of Macpherson's work, to the proof of which he devotes 69 pages of an introduction, but we miss in it any reference to the critical onslaughts of the last twenty years.

THE Education Department is fast developing into a reasonable state of mind towards Gaelic, and we may hope soon to find bilingual teaching recognised to the full as well as means for training teachers. This is how the latest Report of the Department speaks of Gaelic:—"The Code now recognises Gaelic as one of the specific subjects; but advantage has been taken of this opportunity only to a very limited extent. We consider it a paramount duty to secure for all children in these districts a familiar knowledge of English; but we should be glad to do anything which can be held to facilitate this by using the Gaelic language as a subsidiary means of instruction, and especially by encouraging a supply of teachers, fully qualified in other respects, who can give such instruction. The Code also recognises Gaelic as one of the subjects for the entrance examination in training colleges, and we should be glad if this increases to any considerable extent the number of Gaelic-speaking students in these colleges."

THE numbers of the *Archæological Review* for September and October contain articles of special interest to Highlanders. Dr Masson sends to the September number some "Notes from the Highlands," wherein he discusses the following topics:—The colour element in Gaelic place names; a Megalith at Bennetsfield, Avoch; the Curse of Culchalzie; and an old Gaelic prophecy concerning Iona, which is further continued in the October number. The most important contribution yet made to Celtic scholarship in the columns of the *Review* is Mr Alfred Nutt's article in the October number on "Celtic Myth and Saga—A Review of Recent Literature." In this paper Mr Nutt reviews, criticises and condenses the views of the following publications:—Professor Rhys' Hebbert Lectures; Professor Zimmer's Celtic Studies, No. 5; the *Revue Celtique*, Vol. IX., 1-3; and the "Hero Tales of the Gael" in the *Celtic Magazine*. He maintains the non-historical character of the Cuchullin and Ossianic cycles of Gaelic hero story as against Professors Zimmer and Windisch. It is a most interesting and important article.

TO THE READERS OF THE "CELTIC MAGAZINE."

WE regret to intimate that this will be the last number of the *Celtic Magazine* which is to be issued for the present. During the last few years, the subscribers have fallen off to such an extent that the revenue therefrom is not sufficient to meet the cost and trouble of publication. The Magazine was established in 1875, by Mr Alexander Mackenzie, who continued to conduct it for the first eleven years of its existence. For the last two years it was ably and learnedly edited by Mr Alexander Macbain, M.A., one of our foremost Celtic scholars. From, and after this date, the *Celtic Magazine* will be incorporated with the *Scottish Highlander*, which is edited by Mr Mackenzie, the proprietor and for eleven years the editor of the most successful Celtic periodical ever published in this country. The same class of contributions which for many years made the *Celtic Magazine* so popular will, as far as possible, be continued in the *Scottish Highlander*. All unpaid subscriptions and accounts are payable, as hitherto, to MESSRS A. & W. MACKENZIE, PUBLISHERS, HIGH STREET, INVERNESS, from whom most of the back numbers, either in bound volumes or in separate monthly issues, can be procured. A. & W. M.

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